



5 Times Owen Acted Like Like A Fey (+1 Time Puck Didn't)

Gargoyles (Cartoon) · Not Rated · 2045 words

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Who knows the old myths? The ones of mismatched socks and stale bread in pockets? The ones of names and thresholds? The ones of rice and tangled hair?

If you understand all that, you might just enjoy this fic. If you don't understand it, you might just learn something. Fey are tricky creatures, especially in the Celtic myths, so how might Owen be if he acted a tad more like what he truly is?

Owen might seem a little too emotional at times, but that's for one of four reasons (headcanon):

- 1) Embarrassment is an emotion he hasn't mastered concealing.
 - 2) A situation where a little more Puck is showing through.
 - 3) He's doing it intentionally for whatever reason.
 - 4) He shows more emotion around Elisa just because he knows it annoys her.
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Counting -- Did you know 5 pound bags of rice typically have over 29,000 individual grains in them?

Threshold -- Xanatos has spent so long around fey, he's insulted by refusals of hospitality. As well, Elisa just gave a Trickster permanent access to her home, whoops.

Clothing -- I debated having an inside-out shirt instead, but shoes seemed better. Of course, maybe I should've gone with the classic socks?

Elf-locks: They're as well known as fairy locks. I have a permanently tangled braid on one side of my head, because of the fact ancient Celts used to have them, and it's all related to the myth of magical creatures tangling your hair as you slept.

Offering: Okay, not the most well-done, but I still think the idea of Xanatos learning fey really like it when humans give them bread and cream then deciding to give Owen some is both sweet and funny. Please someone else write more fics with this concept, it's adorable and I didn't do it justice.

Names: Puck develops a conscience thanks to Xanatos, of all people. As well, has anyone ever done a fic about Puck getting summoned and enslaved by someone smarter/rougher than Demona (or a smarter/rougher Demona) and needing to be saved? Because I want to read that.

1: Counting

"Where's Owen?" David asked, coming home after a long day setting up spy cameras around the gargoyles.

"I asked him to make me some rice." Fox answered from the couch, holding her pregnant belly, not noticing the way her husband's eyes widened at her words. "But that was a couple hours ago- what's that look?"

"I know where he is." Xanatos sighed, helping her to stand. He chuckled. "Trust me, you'll want to see this."

He led her to the kitchen, where Owen was crouched on the floor, surrounded by spilled grains of rice. "29,074... 29,0075... 29,076..." He looked around for more rice, standing once he was satisfied he'd gotten them all, calmly adjusting his glasses. "Welcome home, Mr Xanatos. I'm afraid dinner will be a little late tonight."

"It's alright, Owen." Xanatos nodded, smirking at his confused wife. "You do realize you could've just explained that this would happen, right?"

Owen paused in setting up the vacuum, raising an eyebrow at his employer. Drily, he asked "And what, Sir, would've been the fun in *that*?"

2: Thresholds

Elisa was just getting to bed when someone knocked on her door. Grabbing her gun and hiding it in her jacket (she'd learned one could never be too careful with a life like hers), she slowly opened the door.

"What the hell do you want, Burnett?" Elisa scowled when she saw the familiar blonde. She'd never admit it, but her tension faded when she realized it was him and not someone like Demona.

"Good evening, Detective Maza. Mr Xanatos wishes for me to convey his sincerest apologies about nearly getting you fired." Owen answered with a touch of humor, which furthered the cop's scowl. "Along with an apology gift and a notarized letter stating that this is not bribery and he expects absolutely nothing in return." He smirked. "He would hate for you to *actually* be fired."

Elisa reluctantly opened the door the rest of the way, long past the point of trying to refuse gifts from Xanatos. For some reason, he'd get really annoyed and find some way to give her the gift anyways -- usually by having someone break into her apartment and

steal something, leaving the gift in its place. Not that she could prove it was him, of course.

"Fine, I'll take whatever the hell he thinks can make up for this, but I am not accepting his apology." Elisa retreated into her apartment, waving her hand towards the table. "Just leave it there."

"Does that mean I can come in?" Owen asked, the slightest hesitation and anxiety in his tone. Why exactly he chose to be so *emotional* when it was just the two of them, she'd never know.

"What else would it mean?" Elisa asked, annoyed.

"It could mean many things." Owen replied, as if that made any sense at all, something strange in his ice blue eyes. "I cannot know for sure that I am *permitted entrance* to your home."

Elisa stared at him for a few minutes, growing uncomfortable under his unblinking gaze. Somehow, she felt he was asking for something much more important than it seemed.

Elisa shrugged it off, dismissing it as paranoia. "Yes, you can come in. Weirdo." She turned to break the lock their eyes seemed to have been caught in, not noticing the way he grinned quite un-Owen-like as he stepped over the threshold.

3: Clothing

David straightened his tie, preparing to enter the boardroom for a very important meeting, Owen right behind him. He had barely stepped foot in the room, hadn't even had time to say a word, before Owen turned around and promptly walked out.

Quickly apologizing and promising to be right back, David followed his assistant. "Owen, what's wrong?"

Owen had the sort of self-reprimanding scowl he always got when he knew he was inconveniencing David in some way. He cleared his throat as if to say something, crossed his arms, and looked away instead of answering the question. If David didn't know any better, he'd say Owen looked *embarrassed*.

"Owen?" David repeated, getting worried. He showed a little more of that worry than he normally would, knowing Owen couldn't stand worrying him.

"It's nothing, Sir." Owen struggled to say, mentally looking for some explanation less ridiculous than the one he was about to give. He sighed in defeat at the other's incredulous stare. "One of the men in there has mismatched shoes. They're each a different color."

David's face twisted in confusion. "That's probably Richards, I hear he's colorblind." He spoke slowly, obviously not seeing how this equaled leaving the room.

"Well, then he should have someone else dress him!" Owen snapped, shocking David. Owen flinched at his own tone. "My apologies, Sir, I'm... Not quite myself right now."

David's eyes widened in realization. "Mismatched clothing." He chuckled, remembering the old celtic myths he'd read. "In that case, my *good fellow*, perhaps you should sit this one out?"

"As you wish, Sir." Owen recollected himself, pointedly ignoring the joke. After he was quite sure Xanatos was gone, Puck transported straight to the Eyrie Building. He needed to make sure all of Xanatos' shoes and socks were the exact same color, before the human had the chance to torment him with this new knowledge.

Puck laughed, already excited to see how Xanatos would manage it anyways.

4: Elf-locks

Owen yawned, stretching in his desk chair. That was enough for one day, he decided, exiting his office. He nodded his greeting to the nightguard, making his way to the elevator that would take him to the living area of the Eyrie Building.

What he found when he entered the familiar space was quite an unfamiliar sight. For whatever reason, Xanatos had fallen asleep on the couch, his normal ponytail undone, hair hanging loosely over the side.

Owen should wake him up, before he gets a crick in his neck. He should continue on to his bedroom, let the man learn his lesson on his own. In fact, there were many things he *should* do, and absolutely none of them included what he ended up doing.

Carefully kneeling on the carpet by Xanatos' head, he gently took some of his soft hair and began braiding it, a touch of magic keeping the human from waking. He calmly continued in his self-appointed task, soothed by the old pastime despite never having done such as a 'human'.

It would be funny when Xanatos discovered the braids, but Owen wasn't thinking about that. Actually, he wasn't thinking much of consequences at all, despite knowing he was probably going to be in trouble.

It just felt nice, to feel the hair slipping through his fingers, to see the braids appearing as he worked; it was like meditation. In the back of his mind, he wondered if Xanatos might let him do this again...

5: Offerings

"How many of these stories are true?" Xanatos asked, holding up a book on Celtic mythology. It seemed to specifically focus on different sorts of fey.

Oh, this definitely wasn't good. It was guaranteed to be exciting, though, so Owen answered him. "I suspect, as with many myths, some parts are true and others are not."

"I knew it." Xanatos grinned, seemingly pleased with himself for some unfathomable reason. It seemed no matter how hard Owen tried to hide his emotions, his human always saw *something* of the truth and lies hidden beneath. Or he was bluffing, but he had to know better than to think Owen was about to fall for something like *that*.

As Xanatos walked off, nose buried deep in his book, Owen couldn't help but repeat the thought that this new development was very much *not good*.

Whether he was proven right or not after a basket of bread and cream had been delivered to his room for the thirty-eighth day in a row, he honestly couldn't decide. On one hand, it was obsessive and he couldn't eat all of it, leading to a decrease in space to store *other food*.

On the other hand, this was the second nicest thing anyone had ever done for him (first being when Xanatos had chosen him over a wish), and it was *delicious*.

An offering of bread and cream was enough to earn a boon from his kind, yet Xanatos gave it to the one fairy sworn against *magically* helping him. It almost made Owen laugh; a human that gifted such things *after* gaining eternal loyalty? It was indeed never dull around Mr Xanatos.

+1: Names

The first time Puck had met Demona was after she had tried to throw Owen off a roof. As she had rather good entertainment potential, he had forgiven her the slight, a mist of green enveloping him revealing his true form instead of causing any sort of revenge.

"Who are you?" She had growled, eyes solid red and claws raised. "Why did you save that human?"

Puck tsked, pushing her claws away. "I didn't save anybody." He'd left it at that, letting her figure it out the next time she saw Owen. "As for who, I am that merry wanderer of the night. The finest Trickster of Avalon. The Puck!" Actually, he was Robin Goodfellow, but he was hardly going to tell her that.

"Puck." She mused, her eyes dimming. "You're one of Oberon's Children."

Ugh, how he hated that name. Whatever. "That's me!" He flipped through the air, gesturing flamboyantly, darting every which way around her. He got annoyingly close to her ear, whispering "Now that you know who I am..."

He dashed away before she could hit him, cheering "I should know who you are! May I have your name?" Of course, he already knew *precisely* who she was, he just wanted to see how she'd react. He'd expected her to try to attack him again, or laugh it off, or run away (okay, so maybe he didn't have the best grasp of who she was yet).

What he absolutely did not expect was for her to straighten and answer "I am named Demona."

Gargoyles usually knew a reasonable amount about the fey, so this disregard for the danger he presented utterly shocked him. (Later, he'd realize that Gargoyles don't normally have names in the same ways humans or fey did, so of course they wouldn't really think about it. Right then, he'd just thought her overly brave or utterly foolish).

He could feel the name in his soul of souls, opening up a limited-time opportunity to claim unimaginable power over her. Oh, the kind of fun he could have! He hadn't stolen someone's name in decades, he could-

Of course, if he did that, then Demona would be useless for Xanatos' plans to bring the gargoyles to his side. Puck couldn't outright force her to help him without breaking the Owen Contract, and he doubted she'd willingly help if he set her free after a bit of chaos.

With a sigh, Puck took his leave of Demona, letting her name drift back to her. Later, when he kneeled in chains at her feet, he would feel a tad bitter he hadn't taken the opportunity then. But he couldn't bring himself to truly regret the choice, because Xanatos' plans had more-or-less worked out, and some of the best years in Puck's life had followed Wyvern Castle's rise above the clouds.

And if a small part of him -- (the part that loved paperwork, the part that ironed his own suits by hand, the part that practiced mortal martial arts regularly) -- felt a tad relieved he hadn't taken her free will? If a part of him thought it hypocritical when he so detested his chains and his Lord? If a part of him guiltily tried not to think of names he'd stolen before?

Well, no one need ever know about *that*.

— end of "5 Times Owen Acted Like Like A Fey (+1 Time Puck Didn't)" —